



slutcake 8

\$2

february 2020



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Hello! And welcome to the 8th issue of SlutCake Zine! Thank so much to everyone that sent something in for this zine! I literally couldn't do this zine without all of you! If you are interested in contributing to the next issue, Please contact me. The deadline is April 11th 2020. THANK YOU!

xoxo Jolie Ruin



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Riot Grrrls Save Lives!

Katie Plumb



Brighitta was one of my first friends in middle school, after I moved to DC from Ohio before 7th grade. She was so sweet and welcoming, and she's the one who introduced this lil Midwestern dork (known as "pig nose" through elementary) to being "cool." We did all of our shoplifting from Woolworth's together (fake eyelashes & nailpolish being a top choice), we tried drugs together (having been told in 8th that we needed to smoke cigarettes before we tried weed, "because it'll be too harsh otherwise," we diligently stole our parents cigs and learned to smoke together too), got our first piercings, and later, our first tattoos together.

Everything I can remember discovering, listening to and obsessing over was done in her attic

bedroom, on her little sony boombox. I first listened to Liz Phair's whole, *Exile in Guyville* laying across her bed on my stomach, age 13, already sensing how this album would relate to my life at some point (turns out it's been at many points; love you Liz!!). Brig is the one who brought RGs to me too. I remember the first mixtape she made me: "*Some Riot Grrrls for Ska-tie* (one of her nicknames for me)".

We fell in love with female artists, and it became a conscious point in our minds. We took pride in identifying as feminists. The passionate "Fuck you" that captured our feelings towards men that these ladies dared us to yell was a gift that no male artist has given me. We didn't suffer foolish girls, the ones who would pretend to not know the answer in class, or laugh when a guy would grope her in the hall. We weren't haters, but there were lots of sighs and eyerolls.

Anyway, we started going to shows at the 9:30 Club among other venues when we were 14/15 (A fact that still baffles me given that my helicopter mom gave us the rides, dropping us off happily). I couldn't even tell you who all we saw (there were several ska shows thrown in there I'm forgetting as well) between the years '95-99 when I left for college—the loss & trauma kinda fucked with my memories of that time. I saw Bratmobile at some point, along with L7 I think. Anyway, like that saying goes—I don't remember exactly what was said at that time, but I remember clearly how those bands made me *feel*. Shows with B were an electric thrill of feeling united and protected in that crowd, and a permission to be fucking pissed.

Brighitta and the Grrrls we were so infatuated with saved my life. They were there for me when I found out my parents were splitting up due to my dad's affairs and alcoholism. There for me when they went back and forth like stupid kids. There for me when I found out in 7th grade that my dad was dying of cancer, there for me when he did die in 8th, and there for me a couple years later when I was raped on Spring Break at 16 years old.

Loss and trauma all fucked me up in the head for a long time of course. The rape especially changed me as they do. I had flashbacks, nightmares, panic attacks at school, was broken up with when I confessed the assault to my boyfriend, asking for a break for awhile in sex. Another friend at my new high school casually asked what the big deal was when I told her what happened, because hadn't I "slept with several

people already?" Especially when I was alone, I was just paralyzingly sad, self-loathing and self-blaming for all of it. It was all turned inward and I was so overwhelmed with the feelings that I could only cope for awhile by burning the shit out of myself.

When I was at shows with my bff though, it all fell away and I felt the freedom and carefree excitement all teens should. I didn't know yet to be angry about what happened to me, but at least at shows I had the permission to be angry on behalf of women as a whole.

When I say that the RGs "saved my life," I mean it. One may feel temporarily safer hiding and denying that frightening force of anger within her. But without that gift of a voice that says "NO. FUCK THIS, YOU MUST FIGHT" we are helpless bunnies waiting for the next whim of the wolves. Until I was able to generalize the permission I felt to be angry for *all* women at the shows, to allow myself to be angry for what I too had experienced, I was swallowing my voice and truth to such a degree that I was emotionally and spiritually dying. When we aren't angry at what has happened to us, we are saying to our bodies and psyches, "fuck you, you aren't shit." We may use different words, but the toll that self-invalidation takes is real. When we believe the lies that the traumas and aggressions are deserved, or, just as damaging, just a natural part of life in this world, we are losing the truth. Which is that we deserve all of the sense of safety, power, freedom and vitality that is conferred upon White Cis- Hetero men in this country. And stuffing the rage that the denial of these rights for the rest of us, is poison. The beauty of this particular poison (righteous anger), however, is that once harnessed and turned outward, it becomes your superpower.

Bands like Bikini Kill are this secret tool that does just that. Listening closely to the lyrics, I digest the emotions and sentiments within each song, then turning the volume all the way up and screaming along until my voice breaks, my anger merging with that of the singers'. Allowing myself to truly *feel* the song, I can confront anything in those moments, fearing nothing.

The fury and motivation for social change that erupted in me through the RG music was what propelled me forward through my teen years. I became prolific in art and writing, filling sketchbooks and journals regularly, displaying my huge, loud paintings across my high school with pride. I started working for a teen AIDS program where I taught rooms full of teenagers how to say no to sexual pressure, and how to demand sexual protection. My voice was urgent and resounding. I wound up at an amazing all women's college (Scrippsie 4-lyfe) where my majors in art and psychology were framed in a feminist lens that captured so much of who I had become. Participating in public protest, conscious-raising groups, and artistic activism, I just felt so alive, and my anger was turned into an electric gift.

I am one of the lucky ones who had the support that allowed me to transform my experiences into something personally meaningful. I ultimately became a trauma therapist and closely work with rape, incest, and domestic violence survivors; their strength continues to give me strength every day.

About a year ago, I had a client Client N who was working so hard but still struggling with the self blame and hatred that lingered 4 years after her assault. When she read me the narrative she was able to identify that she was angry at him on some levels, but couldn't connect to the feeling, like she didn't have a right to. She's one of many women who, in processing trauma in whatever way with me like this, have this kind of story of course. Anger had been a very discouraged emotion growing up (btw, clinically speaking, there's no better way to create someone with internalizing pathology than to fuck with their head by saying certain emotions aren't valid, real, or appropriate--sounds so simple, yet so effective in crushing self-development!), and she would visibly push the feeling away when it would begin to rise in her voice.

I thought a lot about this client after our session, and the sense of self, safety and strength she had been robbed of. At this point listening to loud punk feminists when feeling too much is a reflexive coping tool, but I know they were particularly on my mind that day since I had just gotten tickets for the BK reunion tour that May. I sat in traffic that afternoon, per usual singing until I was hoarse. God I just feel so good during these moments! Larger than life and so fucking alive. When the idea crossed my mind, I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before: could these women help heal my clients in the way they healed me?

In our next session, we were processing what came up last time, and took the opportunity to mention, "Have you heard of Bikini Kill? There's a song I want to suggest". I'm never sure what a 26 year old will think of my taste (now that I am casually referred to by some as "middle aged") but she got super excited as I was describing the movement! She had heard of them through a documentary class in undergrad but had never gone back to explore the rest of the music. I disclosed more than usual that session as I giddily told her how excited I was for the show. I gave her a few albums to try out. She texted me the next day: "THANK YOU!!" and a screenshot of the BK tickets she impulsively bought. It turned out we were at the same show, but didn't run into each other. When we met in session she reported that after that show, she went back the next night. She was flushed and buzzing in a way I had never seen in her as she described clinging to the chain fence in front of the stage, screaming "SUCK MY LEFT ONE!" She started crying and laughing as she described the full-body release she experienced not only in terms of her own powerlessness after her trauma, but her rage at a system like ours where something a dude never had to think about again happens so frequently.

Running my trauma recovery groups, as in individual sessions, I've found that my clients fear anger on so many levels, and in most cases, just as I had, they internalize it against themselves in the form of shame, self-blame and self-loathing. They often don't feel that they deserve to be angry, or fear that they will end up alone if they voice boundaries. They shrink into their seats on their first day in the group, used to making themselves small for others, voices low and timid.

When these women get to the point in my curriculum where we explore the topic of anger, there is more resistance to this than to any other activity or intervention in my groups. I make my usual pitch about the gift of righteous anger when channeled in a healthy way. I explain how empowering it can be to recognize and express anger appropriately. I pass out lyrics to *Feels Blind*; we listen to the song while reading along, and have a discussion about being angry on behalf of women--many clients fear the word

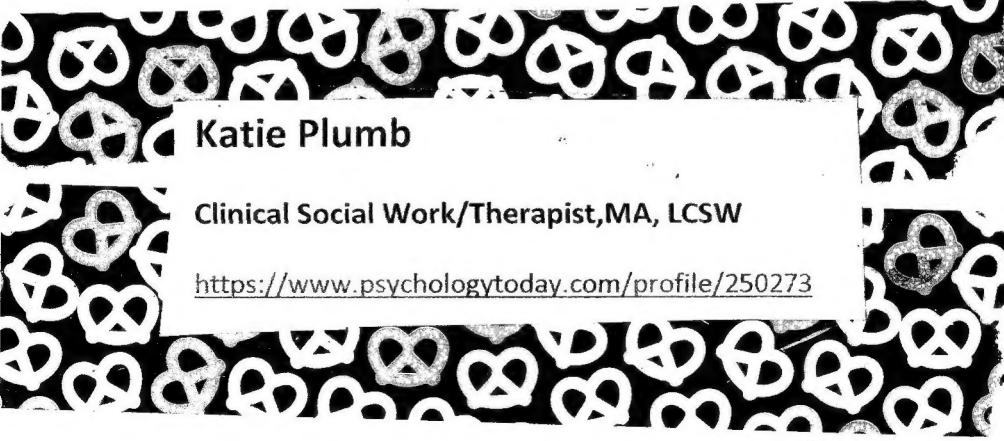
"feminist" so it sometimes takes some patience in "selling" them on this at first. I pass out lyrics to *Dead Men Don't Rape* (7 Year Bitch) *White Boy* and *Suck My Left One* (Bikini Kill). We again listen while reading the lyrics; by now many of them are activated and in touch with the concept, so I give them butcher paper and magic markers. Clients fill the banner with EVERYTHING they are angry with, ranging from "RAPE"

"PATRIARCHY" "MY DAD" to "JUST SMILE!!!" "FAKE BOOBS" or "MY FEAR OF FOOD"

We then go downstairs to the parking lot where I hang the banner against an exterior wall. We jump up and down and jog in place to get the body prepared for this anger activity--the blood needs to move to tell the brain it is ready to fight, so sometimes it's easiest to induce the physical feeling first if it is still difficult for clients to access the emotional intensity at first. I turn on my "Grrrls can RIOT" playlist and turn it up loud enough that the voices start vibrating in our chests. I demonstrate first, making my body large and expansive, arms raised, head tilted back as I yell with the force of all the air in my body.

We sing along for each other, as one by one they start throwing shit at the words (ice, water balloons, rocks, wet paper towels--whatever they're feeling). These women's voices rise and rise and jumble together as singing and lyrics mix with yelling and tears and hurling objects at the targets they're now aiming to obliterate. They scream and throw until the tattered paper slumps off the wall in a submissive heap. The clients are giddy and loud now as we close group with a grounding activity. There's an electric sense of connection among the participants, not only between each other, but with themselves.

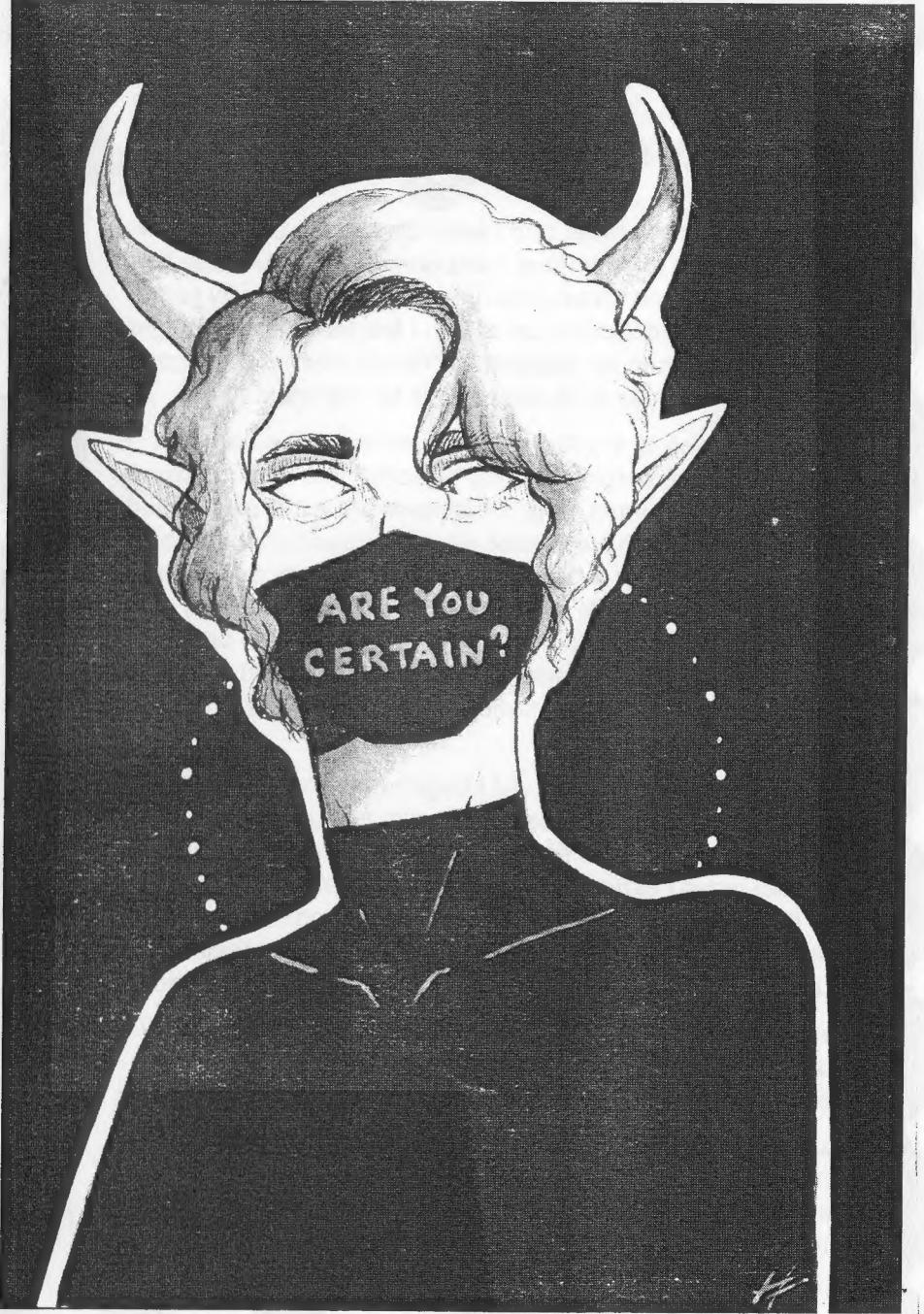
Brig could not have known what she was doing for me in making me that first mixtape. She gave me a direct channel to validation, empowerment, strength and soul-survival that has lasted me 25 years so far. When I see the women in my trauma group start to come alive again in connecting to their anger, I think of all the women screaming at the 9:30 club in DC and what they might have been through since we last smashed into one another. I think of the women who will show up in my group next week with ordinary stories of unspeakable trauma. I sit in afternoon LA traffic and turn up my music and sing and scream and sing and scream until I am hoarse.



Katie Plumb

Clinical Social Work/Therapist, MA, LCSW

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/profile/250273>



ARE YOU
CERTAIN?

@Latibule_Art

7

The Riot Grrrl Movement: What it meant to me then, and what it means to me now.

Steph Calcagno (Winnow_Poetry).

The other day, a coworker and I were discussing bands that we have seen live. I told him that I was going to see Garbage this summer. He tiptoed around his response until he finally came clean and admitted that he just doesn't like female punk singers. As I jokingly told him we couldn't be friends anymore, I began to reflect on why female punk singers are so important to me.

At the conception of the Riot Grrrl Movement in the early 90s, I was still a child, emerging into my "tweens". When you grow up in a time before internet, your influencers are extremely limited. In my case, my influencers were my highly traditional Italian family. Feminism was a dirty word. It was my duty as a woman to clean the dishes while my brother sat with the men. If I asked to spend time with a male friend, I would first need to be fitted for my scarlet letter. (Once, after spending the night with my fiancé, I woke up to a text from my father calling me a TRAMP. Just like that. All in caps.)

Somewhere around 8 years old I began questioning this lifestyle that my mother and aunts abided by. I'm not sure if I was necessarily looking for a secret comradery amongst my tribe, but I certainly wasn't expecting the resistance that followed. They were determined to exorcise the feminist poison that had begun to penetrate my mind. They needed another ally in their misery, not an angsty adolescent looking for a way to break the tradition.

Being a feminist among strict traditionalists can be extremely isolating. I was completely unaware that the spark in my own heart was beginning to blaze on the other side of the country in

Seattle. I had no access to the zines being published and the music being sung. Although this was back in a time where MTV was still strictly a music channel, female punk bands were still unheard of.

Until they weren't.

When I was in 5th grade, I had this image of myself in my head that I couldn't quite put into my style. I was still heavily into the 90s fashions that are now today's VSCO girl. But there was a darkness inside of me that I didn't know how to bring out. That was until the late winter of 1996. As an early riser, I would quietly creep through the hallways of my home on Saturday mornings, careful not to wake anyone, so I can enjoy the solitude of sunrise. At this point, weeks away from turning 12, MTV had replaced my Saturday morning cartoon ritual. I slid beneath a blanket, and turned on channel 32, still slowly emerging from the depths of sleep.

Lingering sleep had no hold on me when I saw her. The Aurora of my dreams, alternating between a blue and a pink dress, this princess was accessorized with fishnets, knee high black boots, and heavy eye makeup. In that same year both Mariah Carey and Toni Braxton were pining over former loves with "Always Be My Baby" and "Unbreak My Heart". But here emerged a new female voice, Shirley Manson, and she was serenading me with confessions that she is only happy when it rains. I felt like she was signing directly to me, solely for me, and all about me. I finally found an adult woman, an artist, that I felt a connection with. This was the personification of my preteen heart. If there was woman like this, there had to be more. There was a place for me. There were women like me. And I needed to find them. Not long after that, another goddess emerged, into the mainstream. Gwen Stefani, with her bright red lips, her belly shirt, and her classic oxfords, preaching about the misconceptions of being a girl. I immediately idolized her.

The following fall I began junior high, which was combined with my high school. In a crowd of roughly 1200 students between the ages of 12 and 18, they were easy to find. The punks. The goths. Or, as everyone who didn't understand the difference between the two, the group that stayed clear of the norm were just given the title "The Freaks". I so desperately wanted to join their community. It was still a heavily male social group, but the women were there. The female population as growing.

The education I put the most effort into those 6 years was less academic and more social. I found the feminists. I found the artists. And with the evolution of the internet, I found Napster.

And with Napster, I found female punk. The first song I downloaded by a female led punk band was "Lemonade" by Tsunami Bomb. The song was the anthem of my newly broken heart. I taped the lyrics up into my locker. From there I discovered Bikini Kill and Sleater-Kinney. Their message became my gospel, and it was the empowerment I needed to become something other than what society and my family had raised me to be.

During my senior year, some of the freshman girls began writing zines. Although I never had the nerve to contribute artistically, I joined them after school to hear their discussions. I knew that I was leaving the school in the hands of young women who were ready to reignite the Riot Grrrl movement within our community. And although the feminists voice was not ready to be heard by the masses during my high school years in the late 90s/early 2000s, I knew these girls were ahead of their time, already bringing the "girls support girls" culture into the school, and denouncing the myths about feminism.

So why does this all matter today? It matters because now, weeks away from turning 36, I am the mother of two daughters. My 8 year old has already announced that she wants to be a goth girl, and as her mother I highly encourage her fashion and lifestyle choices. She was completely enraged when we explained to her that the mother in Mary Poppins was fighting for women's right to vote, not for people to vote for her. She already has ambitions to join the male dominated film making community as an adult. The Riot Grrrl message of the early 90s is so relevant for her today as she grows up into a young, ambitious woman, in a world that still fears feminism and females in powerful positions. The Riot Grrrl lifestyle will empower her to never compromise herself or her body to reach her goals. When she was getting discouraged when she simply could not figure out how to ride a two wheeler, I blasted Rebel Girl on my phone throughout the whole neighborhood and within minutes she was balancing. It was as simple as that. Girls hearing girls inspiring them is a significant motivator.

As for my 5 year old, she's the complete opposite of her sister. She wants to be a hip hop dancing pop star. She is already interested in boys. She's obsessed with leopard print and sparkling accessories. How will the Riot Grrrl lifestyle impact her? Well, I want her to know that feminism is not just for the punks. She doesn't have to replicate her tattooed mother to be identified as a feminist. When people joke that she'll give me trouble with how "boy crazy" she is, I want her to know that she is allowed to be interested in dating, and sex. She's allowed to have sex on her own terms when she wants to without being slut shamed. My daughters will never get a TRAMP text from me.

Although I didn't experience it in real time, the original Riot Grrrl movement not only inspired me, but also confirmed the woman inside of me who wanted to rise above the silence of my ancestors. The women who came before me and the women who will come after me all need this message. Get all the girls to the front, we need each other.

Girls To The Front



@JolieRuin

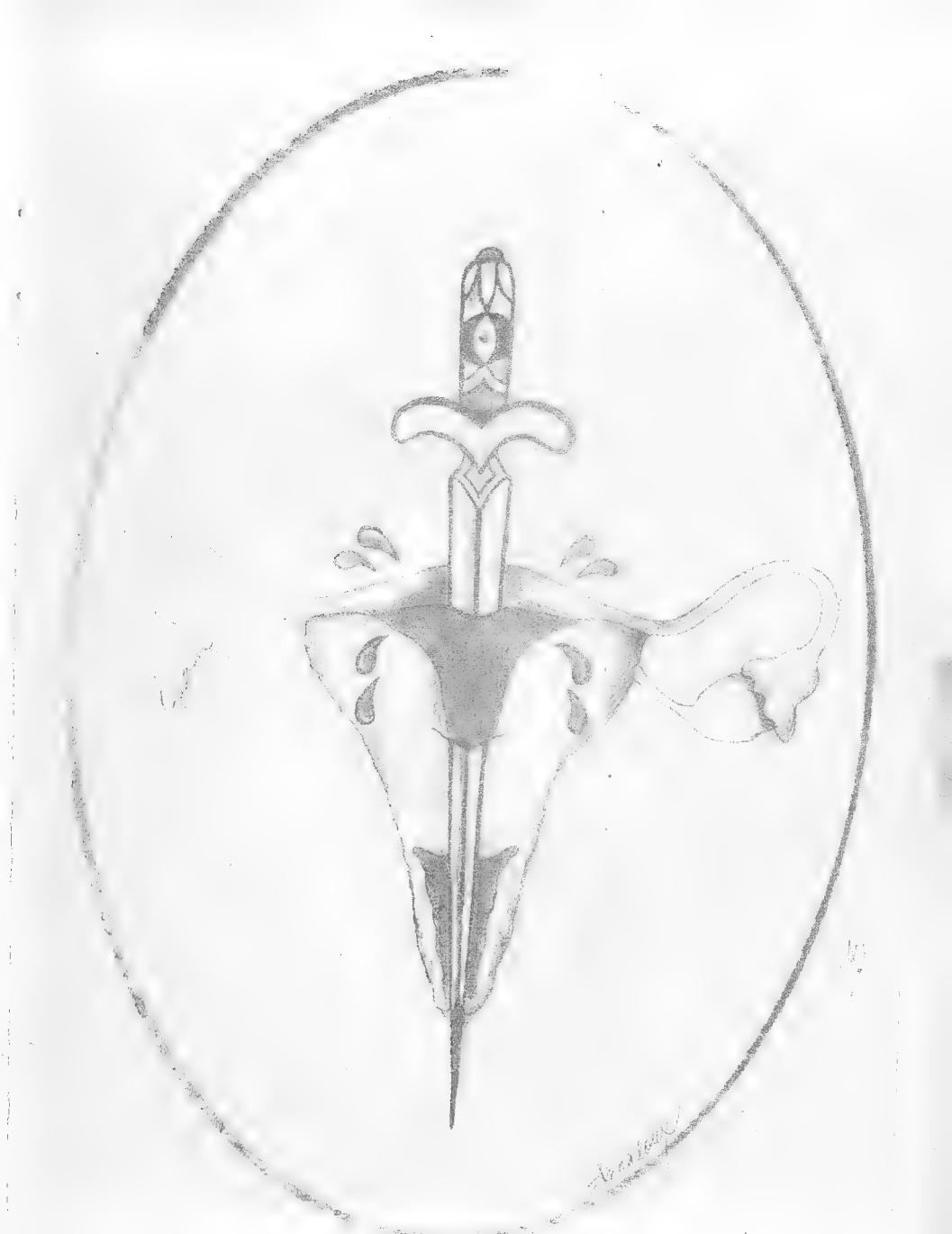
*Excerpt from THE DREAMCHILD NEVERMORE BOOK 5:
OLIVE AND THE SAD GIRLS CLUB by J. M. Vincent.*

The large, black door had no doorknob or keyhole. There was a tiny brass tube attached to the center of a plaque where a strange rhyme had been engraved.

Hate fun?	Did you leave his corpse
Loved by none?	In your small, empty bed?
Crave the dark,	Have you given up
Fear the sun?	Since you'll never be kissed?
Are you ugly? Spiteful?	Crisscross your heart-
A crybaby and rude?	Have you crisscrossed your wrists?
Do you scream at the world?	Are you a sad girl?
Are you oppressed and subdued?	Pathetic and snubbed?
Do the boys all ignore you?	Then we welcome you to
Are you called hurtful things?	The Sad Girls Club.
Do you scream in your room	Yet first, you must prove
For the pain that life brings?	A true sad girl you be.
Does anyone love you?	our sadness is yours,
Is your prince charming dead?	But your tears are for me.

"So how do we get in?" the Blue-Haired Girl asked.

"It's obvious," Olive said. "Your sadness is yours, but your tears are for me." She pointed at the brass tube and then looked at the Blue-Haired Girl. "We have to fill that with tears."



Art by Annalou X

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ruin

@JolieRuin



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@JolieRuin

ALWAYS
LILITH



... NEVER
EVE

Hi! My name is Lara.
I'm a visual artist
from Brazil.

You can find me on
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WHY BASEBALL BATS AND LESBIAN PORN ARE BETTER SUITED FOR FEB. 14 THAN HALLMARK.

by Clive Dodge

Yesterday was Valentine's Day, 2020. Saint Valentine of Terni is the patron saint of epilepsy, so the fella to whom people afflicted with a neurological disorder long attributed to demon possession would pray. 14 February is the day he was clubbed to death and subsequently decapitated by the command of Claudius Gothicus for trying to convert him to Christianity. Valentine became a martyr, picked up sainthood, and millions of dollars are spent every year by Americans hopeful that their romantic partners will not beat them to death with a club and behead them.

Valentinus, as he would be known in the Latin, was also regarded as the patron saint of Lesvos (more popularly known as Lesbos). There was no data online to indicate whether or not it was like a leper colony for epileptics—an island where Romans or Greeks or Phoenicians consigned them to go die—but the name of this Aegean island is the root word of “lesbian,” and many Christians snub lesbians, too. Happily, it is mostly illegal in the United States to bludgeon and/or decapitate lesbians, and may result in the attempted clubber/decapitator suffering bodily harm himself or herself.

So, greeting cards and shitty chocolates and flowers are sold to celebrate the life of a pushy missionary who got his comeuppance from Claudius II... a Christian who probably had no public love for epileptics or lesbians, viewing both demographics as abominations against his then-infant religious beliefs. Lines are backed-up at restaurants by couples hoping to get a table for overpriced “Valentine’s Day Specials” as the ghost of St. Valentine screams in horror watching woman-on-woman romantic interludes from his vantage point behind some telescope in Judeo-Christian Heaven.

Marlana and I just snogged a little bit and watched Netflix.

By Tea Sheppard



I've been struggling to define myself, to find myself for most of my life. Looking for labels, terms, definitions to help me understand who I am. But often those labels contradicted one another. I would feel secure with a label one day and the next day I felt the opposite. I questioned my gender, my sexuality, my aesthetic, my roles, my identity. I felt like a pendulum swinging from one extreme to the next, finding no middle ground or balance.

Bit by bit I found the words to describe myself. I grew into my true natures. I embraced the words that gave definition to the different and complex aspects of what make me who I am. But I still felt like an incomplete puzzle, some of the pieces just didn't fit no matter how hard I tried to jam them together. Was I bi? Queer? Was I gender fluid? Non-binary? Was I femme? Butch? I felt like I was all of these things yet none of them truly fit right. I was lost and confused about my identity.

And then I heard of the term hard femme. Once I read the most basic definition I felt a light go off in my head. This was me! All of me! Not just one small piece of the puzzle.



Urban Dictionary:

Not to be mistaken with the typical femme, the "hard femme" describes herself as "queer", is political, looks more feminine than masculine, and if prompted, can kick some serious ass. She doesn't need to "wear the pants" in a relationship- the hard femme rules with a dress. She not only despises the gender binary, she works to dismantle it.



This sent me down the rabbit hole as I searched and devoured every bit of information I could find online. Some of it was only concerned with the aesthetic and fashion. Which was fun and I definitely saw my personal style represented. But I also found deeper meanings of the term hard femme. Ones that resonated with me on so many levels.

On Being Hard Femme by Jackie Wang:

Hard femme made me realize that gender can be more fun and dynamic than that, and more open ended than the typical "butch-femme" dichotomy that people set up. Not only is that dichotomy false and reductive, but the idea that there is even a spectrum the runs from butch to femme is false. This shit is not linear. We can be everything and nothing at once. We can fuck with everyone's notion of what these categories mean. And we should do it without apology.

Finally I made sense to myself! Hard femme encaptures all of the differing parts of myself. As a child I was a tomboy playing in the dirt wearing my favourite pink dress. As a teenager I was a butchy jock that loved fashion and make up. As a mother I was a soft caregiver and tough disciplinarian. Hard femme is hairy pits and lipstick. Pretty dresses and combat boots. Being tough and strong without the bravado of being macho. Embracing my inner Goddess and my warrior sides. Finding my strength in vulnerability. A blending and balance of all that I am.

I am still digesting all of this information. Formulating my thoughts and ways that I relate to it all. I don't have all the words to explain myself yet. But I do know that I've found a huge part of myself with this label. It fits me like nothing else. I am a hard femme.



Tea is a late bloomer, dancing down a path of self discovery. After years of being force fed misogyny in a toxic marriage, she is finding herself through art, writing, sex positive kink, feminism and energy healing. She has recently begun to take risks, challenging herself to step out of her comfort zone and chase after her dreams.

Tea lives in Victoria BC with her supportive partner and her little senior dog. You can find her on Instagram: @tea_lee76 and on Fetlife: @Intricate_Beauty.

by Linda M. Crate

misfit loner

i've always stuck out like a sore thumb, never fit in; always sewed myself into silence just watching and waiting to see how others reacted to the universe and they always disappointed me—i would give my love and my compassion, and they would take me for granted; sparing absolutely no mercy should i not be able to keep giving—they didn't care if my cup were empty or my heart were bleeding, only that i wasn't delivering in their hour of need; but they were never there when i needed a shoulder to cry on just when they wanted something of me—i would rather be in my own company than alone in a crowded room, they include me for a few moments before they forget i am there; i wander lonely as a cloud—could just avoid it if i stayed at home so if you want my company then you best make it worth missing some alone time because i prefer solitude to people, they are needy and sometimes a hellscape to navigate; i would rather the heaven of my own comfort.

-linda m. crate

like a mortal man

you thought you know darkness?
i was born one summer's night
close to the witching hour,
moonlight spilled upon my flesh
before the sun did;
it was then she claimed me her
daughter—
you aren't the only one that battles monsters,
but you chose to become the darkness
you carry;
and perhaps i shouldn't have painted you in all
that light and ornamented you in praise
you didn't deserve but i didn't recognize you
were a devil until it was too late—
but, werewolf, know this;
should you come to my forest there is nothing here
except death for you because you don't rise
from the coffin like a damphyr you fall into one
like a mortal man.

-linda m. crate

my magic is more powerful

my eyes aren't coffee colored
because i am not someone you can swallow,
everyone underestimates my power
because i am quiet;
i am the shadow that creeps up on you in
the dead of night without warning
covering your face with a look of dread
because there's no escape
from the fangs of the damphyr once
she's marked you for death—

you told me once i didn't have a temper
in an attempt to cage me and control me,
but i resisted because i am wild and fierce;
you wanted a mild creek laughing gently
instead you got an ocean in the song
of a hurricane—

you thought you could bury me,
but coffins aren't the final resting places
to any vampire but rather just an
uncomfortable bed;

rose from the slumber you gave me
clawing my way out of the earth
blooming with petals of rage that will burn
all your nightmares to ruin
because my power and my magic
are mightier than yours.

-linda m. crate



Linda M. Crate is a writer whose works have been published in numerous magazines and anthologies both online and in print. She is the author of six poetry chapbooks, the latest of which is: More Than Bone Music (Clare Songbirds Publishing House, March 2019). She is also the author of the novel Phoenix Tears (Czykmate Books, June 2018). Her first full length collection The Sweetest Blood (Cyberwit, February 2019) is forthcoming.



--Tessa J. Byrns

Kurt and Courtney

You said you loved me after I prodded at you, wanted to make sure
October in your room, October 10th I presume
A date that will live in infamy like March 9th when I lost my virginity.
This was different.

This was you making me fall in love with your face
the way you wore that Blackhawks hoodie
the way you looked too cool for life when you smoked a joint.
The way you touched me and made me shiver and quake
awash with the feeling of salvation.

Jesus Christ you were right then.
I couldn't take it, would never understand what you saw in me.
So I basked in the glow until my darkness came in, left me reeling.
Of course the only reason you were hanging around,
found time to be around was because you adored the attention.
Looking back on the girl I was when I was in love with you proves how
naive and young at heart I used to be

We had no future though we'd make plans
I didn't fully realize they were all on sand, not dry land.
I was living in nirvana then

I was living in a preconceived heaven the one I dreamt of when I was eleven
My heaven turned out to be a facade, a mirage, a fever dream
I've seen too much
I can't shake the desire
the willingness to have you be everything to me all over again.
My self preservation instincts are at odds with my heart

It continuously rips my soul apart.

It seems I have let you define who I am.

It seems that my relation to you has proven not to be the footnote

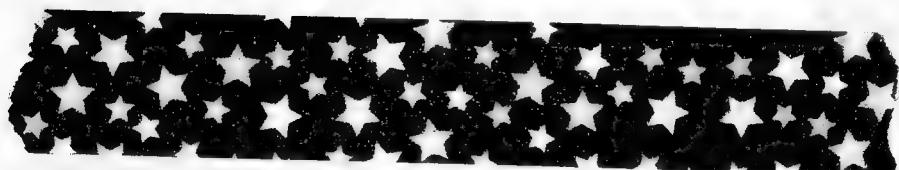
I'd hoped and strived for you to be after you broke me.

You have still decided my destiny in your absence

I've let our lost love be a defining, pivotal moment for me.

If only we were more like Kurt and Courtney.

If only you had died for me.



Yoko and John

This is you and me. This is how I've always wanted it to be.

I'd love to be a flower for you and that's how you see me.

Though I am the wild one, the one with a storm raging in my mind. My heart
died when you let me go the first couple of times and its only alive when
you're by my side now.

I've been known to hold too tightly and push you away. I want to get this just
right now.

I think about you when you're gone and there is no angst!

When I think of you I can finally breathe.

Soon enough after all of the obstacles and hurdles are out of my way, once
this week is over, once this year is over everything will be calmer.



Johnny and Winona

We could've been Johnny and Winona,

We could've been Brad and Gwyneth

We could've been a magnificently beautifully strange couple,

We could've been meant to be

We could've been

We were

And then you decided you didn't want to be

And just like those women,

a lesson we learned in time

all of our hopes we hung them upon a beautiful man's smile, an evil man's love, a confused, searching man.

At least I can say that I am more alike those women, and isn't that what I've always wanted. Just a taste of the danger, just a taste of bliss.

I can say now that I've tasted, I've owned, I've licked the sweetest lips.

Those lips are gone now. Maybe they're someone else's. But I found them and had them, I would've never let them go.

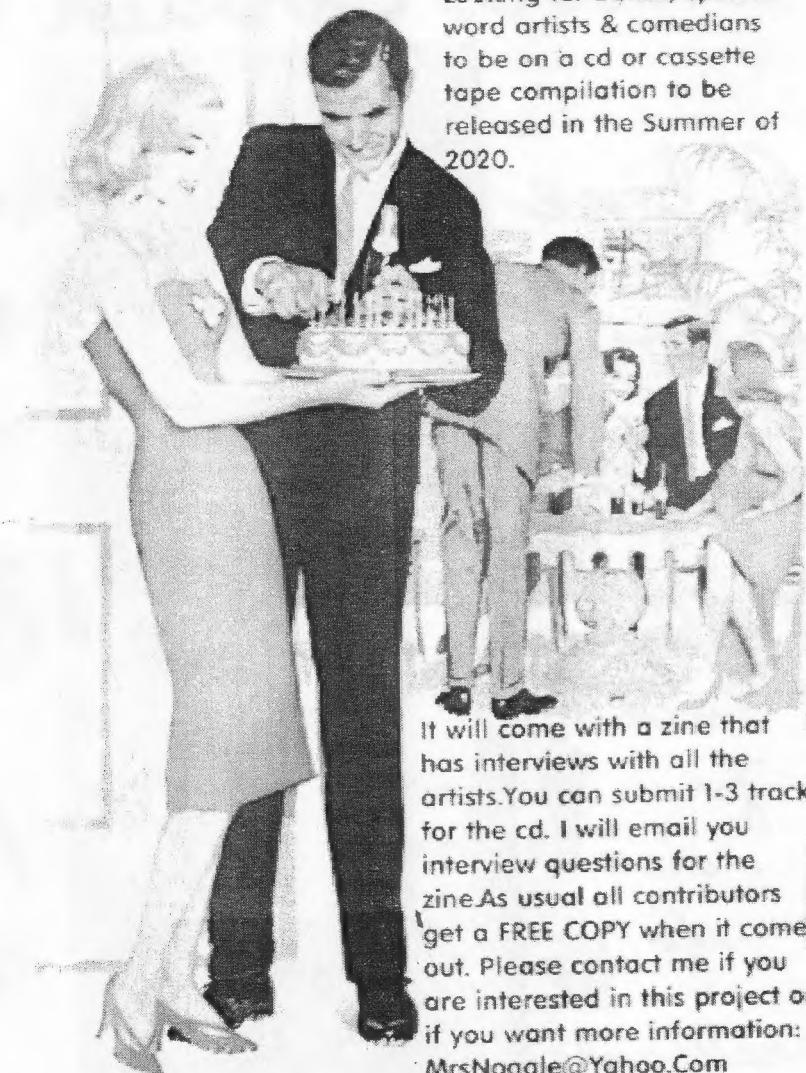
I would've let him kill me but he didn't want to. He didn't want to own me, just use me up and let me find the door on my own, head hung low, defeated.

His love beat me, defeated me.

I guess I wasn't ready for someone like him to love me. I guess I wasn't ready for what I thought I wanted.

SlutCake Zine & CD Compilation

Looking for bands, spoken word artists & comedians to be on a cd or cassette tape compilation to be released in the Summer of 2020.



It will come with a zine that has interviews with all the artists. You can submit 1-3 tracks for the cd. I will email you interview questions for the zine. As usual all contributors get a FREE COPY when it comes out. Please contact me if you are interested in this project or if you want more information:
MrsNoggle@yahoo.com

Find me / Follow me online:
@JolieRuin @RiotGrrrlPress

Kurt Cobain

essays.art.comics.tv.
music.fashion & more

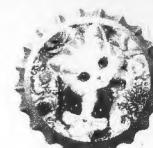
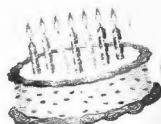
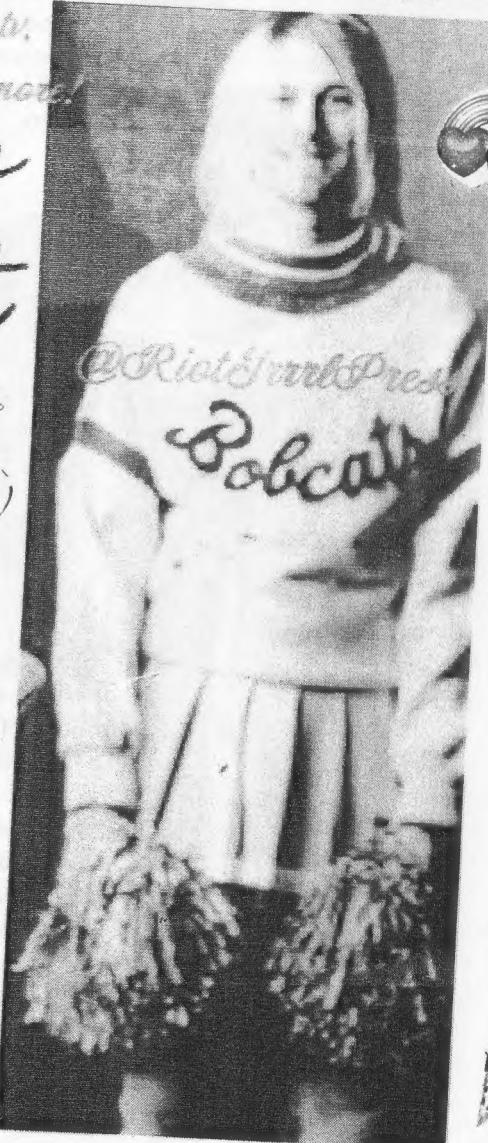
A Zine
About
The

1990's

email
for
more
info:

MrsNoggle
@Yahoo.Com

@RiotGirlPress
Bobcat



CONTRIBUTE TO THE NEXT ISSUE OF SLUTCAKE ZINE!



the next issue is due out in April 2020. The deadline is April 11th, 2020

SlutCake #9 --NO THEME. I am going to interview a few people for this one. If you have any interviews you'd like printed in the zine, send them to me! As for other submissions: I'm open to & accepting all topics.

if you would like to submit something to the next issue of "Slut cake zine" you can email everything to me at: **MrsNoggle@Yahoo.Com** If you want to design your own page, the zine is always half size/digest. (email me for my mailing address) The zine is always black & white & there's no word count limit because I've never had an issue with something being too long for me to print!

I'm looking for articles, columns, essays, art, poetry, comics, interviews & reviews.... If you would like to submit something that has already been printed in your zine or in someone's else zine (that YOU have written, of course!)--that's cool too.

if you have any questions about anything just ask!!! THANKS!

Skurt Cobain- i am also putting together a zine about the 90s. Music, tv, fashion, your life in the 90s...(it's not just about Kurt Cobain!) The deadline is March 15th. I plan to do more issues & i hope to have the second issue out by Early Summer 2020.

slut cake
makes the party



Riot Grrrl Press 2020